



# The Little Bread Wagon



By Gayle Kinney-Cornelius  
(Based on a true story)

*“When ye are in the service of your fellow beings ye are only in the service of your God” (Mosiah 2:17).*

Sammy opened his eyes and yawned. He could smell something yummy.

*Mmmm, Papa is making bread!* Sammy thought.

Papa baked bread for the family every Saturday. Sammy liked to watch him take the crispy brown loaves out of the oven. Papa always gave Sammy the first slice.

*But today isn’t Saturday,* Sammy thought. *Why is Papa baking?*

Sammy got out of bed and went to the kitchen. He asked Papa what was going on.

“Do you remember what our bishop asked us to do?” Papa asked.

Sammy nodded. “He asked us to help people. And I helped Sister Martin take her bag upstairs, remember?”

“You did a good job,” Papa said. “I prayed about how I could help. I had the idea to bake bread to share.”

Sammy looked in the oven window. He counted the loaves of bread.

“One . . . two . . . three . . . four. Who will you give the bread to?”

“That’s something I need your help with,” Papa said. “There’s one loaf for Sister Martin. And two loaves for the Miller family. Who should we give the fourth loaf to?”

Sammy thought about it.

“What about Mr. Lee?” Sammy asked. Mr. Lee lived in their apartment building. He didn’t go outside very much. Mostly he just watched people from his window.

“That’s a great idea,” Papa said.

After the bread was done baking, Sammy helped Papa wrap the bread. Then he got his wagon. They put the loaves inside.

“The bread wagon is ready to roll!” Sammy said.

Papa helped Sammy pull the wagon. Sammy’s heart felt nice and warm, just like the bread they were about to share! ●

*The author lives in Vermont, USA.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSH KEELE